The Pagan Library

The Moonpool

Anon

It is a lazy, restful time
here in the forest glade.
The sun is departing, the stars arriving
and the trees are a darkening jade.

An air of buzzing, drowsing stillness
invades the meadow, lends weight to my head
as I settle down - bedroll, backpack
and strains of music are seemingly played.

A deep, cool, dark pool is here,
mirror clear, reflections of skies,
as peace fills my mind, my soul
and sleep gently touches my eyes.

I know not whether I was awake, or in dream
or how much time had passed,
when I felt the magic of this place
camped there, upon the grass.

No sounds - no crickets? (The Music!)
As the Moon awakens the pool, so bright.
Why this anticipation, premonition,
this magical feeling, this ghost haunted night?

Then, a Siamese cat enters the meadow-
silver grey, regal composure, flowing lines.
And somehow I know - I see intelligence
and wit, and power, as she looks into my eyes.

How does she speak without speaking?
But somehow, she communicates good will, and cheer.
'Stay quiet, childe of man.', she says.
'Be still - you are but a guest here.'

Then a parade of feline musicians
wandered in singing from the right.
I shake my head *bedazzled*; Am I dreaming, or mad?
Why me - here to witness this eldritch sight?

A troupe of dancing, cavorting gnomes
made their appearance upon a rocky stage.
And following them : silver clad, haughty elves
accompanied by a wizened old mage.

Now, many strange but noble presences made manifest
on that starlit night in June.
And I witnessed and heard sweet music, high magic, secrets
until dawn, with the passing of the Moon.

And the high bred Queen of Cat Folk
smiled with warmth, and left.
Left me shaking with these visions,
and nodding, I finally slept.

I return often to these stately woods, seeking
but never finding the sacred pool, so bright.
It makes me sad - very sad to think
that it was but a dream, a peculiar night.

But sometimes, at the edge of sleep,
soft music slowly beckons, and calls.
And I know with every fiber of my being
that I will again visit these magical sylvan halls

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